

THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

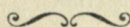
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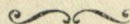
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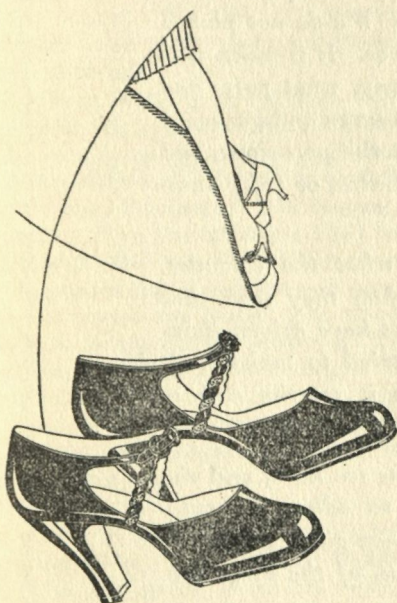
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Features of Fashion In Spring Footwear

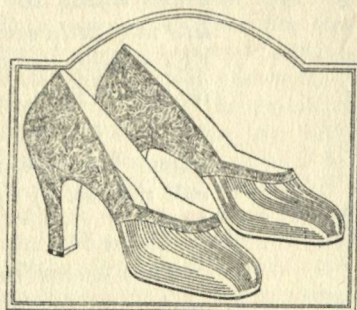
Only the creations of fashion itself limits these collections. Suffice it to say, that to those versed in the prevailing trend of style, our present assemblage is certain to prove a source of unending admiration.



"Betty"

Adorable is this truly feminine creation in all Patent with a fancy embossed strap—

\$11.00



"Barlin"

*Grace itself, is this
D'Orsay pump in*

All Patent.....	\$10.00
Black Satin.....	\$10.00
Black Moire.....	\$11.00
Blonde Astralac....	\$12.50

Macon Shoe Co.

"BEAUTIFUL SHOES"

Foreword

The odd day of the odd year brings the Odd Number.

Many a man has gone to a premature grave trying to classify and pigeon-hole life into little sections. We do not plan a like destiny for ourselves. It is much better, we believe, to classify what parts one can and then take one large and generous pigeon-hole, knock out the partitions, and call the rest of life: Extra, or Odd Numbers.

That seems to be what the calendar makers were doing when they took that extra day, which might have driven them to insanity had they tried to make it fit somewhere, and stuck it on the end of February.

Some of the thoughts we have, and the things we do refuse to adhere to rule. These thoughts have been given a place in this, the February issue of the magazine.

There may seem to be no thread connecting these articles. Indeed there can be none, for we are offering in this issue our individual experiences, our idle thoughts, and

"Random provocations."

Contributing Editors



HE four new members of Scribes and Pharisees are beginning their membership admirably with contributions to the magazine. All of them have been prominent in literary circles for some time, but this is the first edition of the Wesleyan to find all of them represented. Miss Lillian Shearouse, whose poetry and short stories have been seen in the Wesleyan for over a year, has written another poem, "No Spring," showing again her rare poetic sense and perfect choice of words.

Miss Sara King, in an editorial, takes issue with the author of *An Adventure in Common-Sense Education*, in *World's Work* for February. The clever work of Miss Dorothy Blackmon is "On Leaping," an essay. Miss Blackmon has filled her article with that humor which has made her column in the *Watchtower* so popular. The fourth new Scribe, Miss Maude McGehee, being Senior editor of *The Wesleyan* is a regular contributor to the magazine. She has written for this issue an essay on the leap-year theme and a short story, her second contribution in that line this year.

Finding a new poetic contributor is one of the greatest joys of the college magazine editor. Miss Clifford Wilkinson, with her poem, "You Are Gone," shows a delicacy of touch and an unmistakable gift and feeling for poetry. It is indeed fortunate to find a Sophomore whose poetry attains such beauty.

The special subject, "If I Had a Daughter," with contributions from each class, is an interesting study in interpretation. The incident from her childhood, so delightfully told by Miss Josephine

Humphries, illustrates her personal ideas about the misfortunes of being a girl. Miss Humphries is another promising Sophomore, whose first contribution appears this month. Miss Nell Trowbridge, a Freshman, has learned to feel that Wesleyan is the best gift one could make toward the happiness of a daughter, and she expresses this in her parody of Georgia Tech's "Rambling Wreck." Miss Annie Louise Page, like Miss Humphries citing experiences from her own childhood, writes a cleverly humorous article on the same subject. From the vantage point of a major in psychology and philosophy, the Senior, who will not let us publish her name, gives a humorous yet thoughtful and thoroughly human treatment of the problem of daughters.

An enthusiastic student of journalism is Miss Sara Clyde Adams whose first contribution for the year is a short story, "Son." There are passages in the story, descriptive phrases and matters of detail, which show not only skillful handling but also unusual care—a rare touch in these rushing, reckless, college days.

Upper-classmen will remember the short stories and feature articles which were contributed regularly by Miss Sarah Additon, class of '27, for the last four years. She finds time again this year, in spite of her study and work in the library school in Atlanta, to write the article filled with suspense: "A Plea For Co-Education."

The Wesleyan would be incomplete without one of the poems by Miss Dorothy McKay. Her "Sonnet" embodies many of the striking characteristics of her well-known and distinctive style.

When Cupid Turns Gray

By CLARA NELL HARGROVE

Tick-tock-tick-tock-tick—

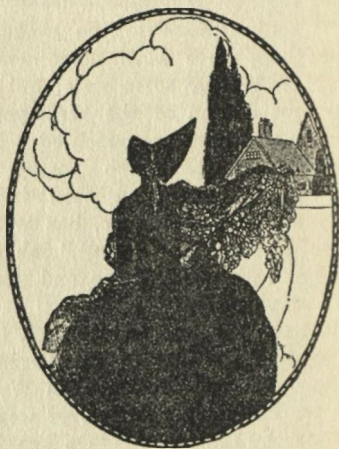


ON AND ON fell the incessant strokes of the reliable dollar-fifty alarm clock. The subdued purrs of the grey cat sprawled on the hearth furnished a perfect accompaniment to the clock's steady solo. The spasmodic flaring of a dying fire revealed in the semi-darkness of the simple living room the figure of a little woman asleep in her chair.

Her soft hair was caught at the back of her neck in a glorified ball of whiteness. A few wandering strands fell around her thin face, accentuating the gentleness of her features. White lace collar and cuffs stood out against the blackness of her simple dress. At her little black-clad feet lay a half dozen squares of bright reds, orange and blues. The cat gazed at the gay patches of color, too lazily content to reach out for them. The last reflection of the winter sunset had vanished, and the room was left in complete darkness. The clock ticked on and the cat purred on—neither affected by the chill of the room.

"What's that?" asked the woman of the empty room, awakened by the sound of approaching voices. Quickly she glanced about the room and pulling herself together with a jerk, picked up her sewing from the floor and explained to the cat and the clock, "I must have fallen asleep."

"Why, Mother. Why didn't you turn on the light?" Not waiting for an answer Mrs. Johnson pushed the button which flooded the room with a too brilliant light, robbing the place of all its peaceful attractiveness. "And the fire is almost completely out." With a look of gentle reproach at her mother-in-law, Mrs. Johnson, president of the W. C. T. U., secretary of the Womans Missionary Society, and publicity chairman



of the P. T. A., rushed from the room. "Now, I should have—"

"Mamma, Mamma, MAMMA! Make Henry gimme my skates. Granny, where's Mamma? He took'em away from me, Mamma. He did it. Make him gimme 'em."

"Hush, Katy. Neither of you can skate now. Papa and Adeline will be here any minute now and we've got to fix supper. Call Henry and tell him I said to get in his wood and coal right now and then to wash his neck and ears. Tell him he'd better get them clean too." Mrs. Johnson gave her orders in true executive fashion, never losing a second from poking the fire and filling the grate with fat splinters and coal. Having seen the flames encouragingly sputtering, she got into her white apron and hurried into the kitchen.

Granny took a few careful stitches on her quilt squares; then, folding her work and putting it away, she went into the kitchen. "Julia, I will help you. Let me make the cocoa."

"No, Mother. I'll do it."

"Well, let me fry the bacon."

"I think I'd better."

"I'll set the table then."

"But Katy must do that. It's her task. You go rest." She would have loved to stay and ask about the Missionary meeting, but the dismissal was final. How she'd love a nice white kitchen of her own! But no, she didn't wish that at all. How lovely they were to let her stay—so good! It would be nicer if they'd talk to her more. Especially Adeline. Adeline had been such a soft, adorable little baby. And how she had loved her grandmother! That was what hurt most of all—Adeline. She was even colder than the others—and, oh, how Granny loved her. But they were all good.

Slowly she went into the white-tiled bath room to make her preparation for supper. She let the water run, killing as much of the time as possible. She would be a very, very long time in washing.

"Well, how you 'spect me to wash when Granny's in there?" came a cross voice from the kitchen.

Quickly she finished, and again went into the living room. There sat her son, Milton Johnson, absorbed in his evening paper. She quietly took her chair and gazed into the fire. Perhaps they would be different tonight. "If they should," thought Granny, "I would ask them about inviting Martha's son around. He is a good boy—yes a good boy." Milton had laid his paper aside. He too was gazing absently into the fire. Putting her own dreams aside, Granny bravely began:

"Son, have you had a good day?"

"Huh? Ma'm? Oh, yes, that is, I suppose so." And again the room fell into its oppressive silence.

Her own son! And he could find nothing to say to her. The situation was unbearable. Where could she go? To the kitchen? No, Julia wouldn't want her. She would love to sit on the porch and look at the stars, but they'd say she was getting childish, and besides, the night air was too chill for a woman

of her age. She went into her bedroom and took the pins from her lovely hair. It did not take long to comb the tangles out, for there were too few of them. With absent-minded strokes she brushed again and again and finally pinned it back. She paused, took the hair pins out and repeated the whole process.

The door slammed. It was Adeline. If she would only love her just a little. But Adeline was always so silently worried, so pre-occupied.

Adeline was the type of blonde that gentlemen seemed not to prefer—although one could not understand why. She was very pretty, and her sad, hopeless smile added to her winsome loveliness. To Granny she was perfection. Glorious, desirable youth—wholly unattainable. Adeline lived in another world, and how Granny did long for a key to that world.

With an almost childish thrill of expectancy, Granny slipped into the living room. But Adeline had thrown her red slicker and felt hat on the chair and gone into the kitchen. Why should Granny's throat hurt so? Why, how childish to almost cry! She must surely be getting old. Swallow that lump! For shame! Why should Adeline care for her—a dull old woman?

They called her to supper. The father mumbled a meaningless blessing and before the "Amen" was finished, there had begun the rattling of dishes and the clinking of the silver. After the first rush of getting served, Mrs. Johnson began the nightly battle.

"Now, Katy, remember that your lessons come after supper."

"Aw, she gave us the same lesson."

"And," continued the mother ignoring the familiar excuse, "Henry, you can just wash your neck and ears over. I can see where you stopped, and I'll have cleanliness in my family if I have to get a scrub-brush."

"O-oo-oo," laughed Adeline. "That is awful on the poor boy. Mother, please don't torture the little wretch."

"Thas all right," answered her brother, the "problem" of the family, "if I couldn't have a date with anybody—Hey!—stop that kickin' me—If I couldn't have a date with anybody but that—"

"Henry, dear, won't you have some grits," asked Mrs. Johnson in a honeyed tone with a wicked look.

"No thanks—anybody but that Sam Lipkins, I'd kick off. He weighs three hundred and—"

"That is all right. He's a good, steady boy," uneasily added his mother.

"He's steady enough. He'd be steadier if you tell him he's like the two black crows—I wish he'd get a new part to tell us."

"O well," said Adeline rather doubtfully, "Sam's not so bad." Mrs. Johnson beamed delightfully on her daughter. Even Mr. Johnson glanced surprisedly from his plate. But Granny wondered at the wistfulness in the girl's eyes, and the disappointment in her voice. Keenly she glanced at the girl, wondering what the far-away look, the misty glow in Adeline's eyes meant. The family was again absorbed in the meal, but Adeline was still dreaming.

"Huh," sniffed the stubborn Henry, not to be downed, "I'll betcha two bits he's the only boy you know."

"No," she answered. "You are mistaken."

So, thought Granny—There was someone! Adeline should know still a third nice boy, if that was the trouble. "Thank goodness, I am still not too old to know a thing when I see it," she proudly told herself.

The next day was Wednesday—the Johnson's movie day. This week was Adeline's time to stay with Grandmother while the others spent a glorious evening at the Ritz. That day did not drag for Granny. She had several little things to do. First she phoned Paul Ellsworth. He was Martha's son, and Martha was her best friend. Then there was her second-best taffeta dress to mend. She did not sleep in her chair that afternoon.

Indeed, she could not even work her beloved quilt squares, so delightfully absorbed was she in her plans.

Katy's lessons were finished long before six, and Henry did not have to be told to wash his ears. It was movie night at the Johnson domain. Supper was a hurried, conversationless affair.

"I'm sorry you have to stay," apologized Mrs. Johnson. "Clara Bow's on, and I know Sam wants to take you."

"Oh, no—no, I'm sleepy anyway" she added in a weak explanation of her willingness to miss Sam's date.

The words did not worry Granny this time, but her eyes were bright with her own secret.

What ages it took them to get off! Would they never leave! Paul was coming at eight, and it was seven-thirty now. Finally they were off and the last chuckle of the Ford engine was heard.

"Adeline," Granny began. Goodness, how should she explain? What would Adeline think? She was waiting for her to speak. "I am expecting company—the child of my best girl friend. I'd like for you to meet—them."

"All right, grandmother. Sure. I'll be glad to."

Hurriedly now Granny went into her bedroom and slipped into the second-best dress. With a twist and a pat, she arranged her hair. The door-bell rang. "I'll go. I'll go, Adeline."

After the first greetings she carried Paul into the living room. He stood at the door, gazing at the girl who stood there. She was the first to speak.

"It's you," she gasped.

"And you," he echoed.

With a gleam of that super-human understanding which so endears old age to the world, Granny spoke, "Why, dear me, Paul. I didn't know you would turn out to be Adeline's second nice young man, and my third one."

He looked at her for an explanation, but Adeline glanced into the eyes of her grandmother and discovered her for the first time.

Granny had not formed the habit of getting out of the way for nothing. Although she was burning to ask Paul a million things about his mother, she early discovered that she was too tired for expression, and she simply must go to bed immediately. And she did go.

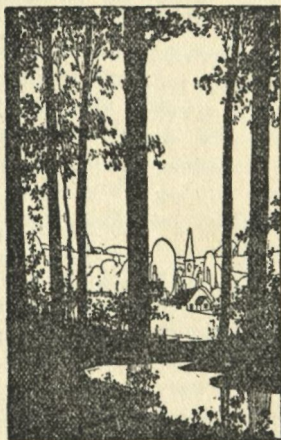
Merrily the reliable dollar-fifty alarm clock ticked away the hours before Adeline would come from her work. The door opened and a vivid girl with golden

hair slipped into the room.

"Greetings, Granny darling," she said, kissing the soft white hair. She sat at Granny's feet before the dying embers of the fire.

"What a gorgeous quilt you're making. Such lovely colors." Granny only smiled, but there was peace in her eyes and a great happiness in her heart. Well did she know in whose little bungalow would lie her quilts.

You Are Gone



By CLIFFORD WILKINSON

*There will be no other summer,
Yet there will be thousands—
There will be no more moonlight,
Yet there will be thousands of moonlight nights—
There will be no more happiness for me,
Yet I will laugh a thousand times—
There will be no one else in the world for me,
Yet there will be thousands like you—
And you are gone.*

Song of Soochow

(A Translation)

By LING NYI VEE



TWO maids lived in a pavilion which their father built for them. They lived during the Yuan dynasty. Both wrote poetry, and hearing of the fame of the "West Lake Song" written by some girls that lived in Hanchow, they together composed ten poems as an exaltation of the historical beauty of Soochow where they lived all their lives.

I have tried to translate only a few of the ten.

Above the pavilion, hangs a full moon
Below, waters murmur.
The moon sinks and yet rises again
But the water flows on
And returns never more.

Si Sze (1) washing, singing
By the riverside
Under the willow
Until the boat
Carries her away to the Palace
Where she smiles
And the king with knees unbent before
Worships the idol of his heart
But her perfumed spirit
Is now flown forever.

Pagodas stand on the Tiger Hill (2)
The night is quiet
The lamp for the Buddha
Yet flickers on in the lonely tower.
To the temple we go
Giving as alms to the pious monks
Our jaded hair-pin
And our ruby ear-ring.

A mist slowly, slowly climbs up on the water
The temple bells chant under an evening star (3)
A fisherman sings
Now swelling high in ecstasy
Now low as if in dark despair.

The traveller's boat anchored under a bridge
Is undisturbed
Save by the fisherman's lonesome wail.

Willows are green
Willows are yellow
The green is youth
The yellow, age
I am like the willow blossom that fades
You are the branch
Easily swept by wind
Inconstant, inconsistent. (4)

My pavilion
Leans against the blue ethereal sky
Under the arched window
And behind the embroidered screen,
I sing—not the lotus song
As do the maids of the West Lake
I sing my own song
My song of Soochow.

1. Si Sze—a famous beauty at the time of the Three Kingdoms. One day while washing her silk by the river, she was carried away to the Palace. She was sent by the king of Yoeh to the king of Wu as a lure. The latter built for her a palace on one of the hills in Soochow. After the peace was made and signed between the two kings, Si Sze mysteriously disappeared in a boat just as she had mysteriously left her village—a poor girl to become a queen.

2. Tiger Hill—one of the historical hills in Soochow. Pagodas are like monuments. On the top of the pagodas are towers, and below, a temple where people can go and worship on festival days.

3. The temple bells in Soochow always ring at evening to summon the monks to say their evening prayer.

4. This is supposed to be for her sweetheart. They probably love each other, but she just says he is inconstant to make a pretty verse.

If I Had a Daughter

By A SENIOR



F I had a daughter—she would be twenty years old. My daughters are always twenty years old for the simple reason that at no other age is a girl so charmingly grown up, so piquantly girlish, laughing in such a superior manner at her foolish past, and so wistfully looking toward her golden future. The nice part about this classification is that it does not classify her. She is beyond the pigeon-hole classification of youth and just before that of adulthood. She is distractingly adorably uncertain.

Besides being twenty, my poor daughter will be tall. She will not be in the least awkward or ill at ease, because all her life when my old friends shall have said, "My my, what a big girl she is getting to be"—I shall have said very emphatically, "Yes, isn't that lovely."

Realizing that one should never waste a serious thought this one is herewith printed: My daughter shall be allowed a little secret chamber that I shall never try to open. As for the rest of her thoughts, I shall share them with her because I will not be shocked at her, I will not be amused (outwardly) over her, I will never be embarrassed in her presence, I will respect her personally, and I shall tell her enough about myself for her to realize that I am as thoroughly human in all respects as she. In other words, I shall make it my business to understand her as an individual and to make her my friend.

You have seen these palm olive soap advertisements. My fortunate daughter will always have the sisterly looking mother with that "school girl com-

plexion." I shall always golf with my daughter just like that.

All my suppressed desires shall be fulfilled in her for besides being twenty my daughter will be hard-boiled for from early childhood I shall train her to say "No" when people ask her to go to sad parties to sing at the U. D. C. and to have uninteresting engagements. Instead, she will be able to write a novel which will startle the United States (when she was fifteen it would have awakened the world; when she is thirty she would think it would be of benefit to social reform in the state; when she is forty her home town might be persuaded to buy a few copies, and when she is fifty she will only hope that some house will publish a few copies for her literary guild). She will sing in opera, she will be the Sarah Bernhardt of the age and with her millions she will establish a great orphan's home. Best of all, she would have gone to Greater Wesleyan where she made A in History of Philosophy and Anglo-Saxon and had a half page of Honors under her name in the Veterropt. (This is an unusually suppressed desire at the present).

Having had psychology I shall know all about training this wonderful child of mine. Of course I shall revolutionize the daughter—raising industry with novel ideas, among them—girls should be trained in job hunting. How can one possibly plan how to raise her own daughter unless she has safely landed that job for after graduation? If I had a daughter above all things she would be taught the exquisite art of writing a familiar essay in exactly fifteen minutes.

If I Had a Daughter

By ANNIE LOUISE PAGE



AVE you ever been run over, stepped upon, completely crushed under foot—not literally of course. But it really is a terrible hurt to be so imposed upon, so embarrassed, especially if the offender is a mere child! How many mothers have had their social standing ruined, their guests almost insulted, and their patience and good humor tried to complete exhaustion? How many fathers have given up in despair because of their children? And to think that the disturbance is nearly always caused by the daughter. At least it was always that way at my home.

I was a fat little thing, freckled, muffle-jawed, and spoiled. Imagine one with such a preposterous combination! But I was not cross-eyed, nor was I tongue-tied, and besides was I not my mother's and father's darling? They loved me in spite of my faults, and regardless of the number of times I refused to show off they continued to have courage, hoping that some day, some where, at some time I would be real cute, thus verifying the statements which they had been saying to everyone about me. And would not the compliments, sweet looks, and attentions the people bestowed upon me be sufficient reward for the efforts of my mother and father?

But it was seldom that they ever got that reward, for even when very small and as far back as I can remember, whenever they insisted upon my doing anything for the benefit of visitors, my lips instantly poked out, my head and eyes fell, and I assumed a sullen air. Often I was defiant and totally ignored what they said to me.

"Why, darling, what's the matter?" Mamma would ask sweetly. "You've never done that way before. Come on now, be a sweet girl." And seeing that her smiling looks and coaxing was of no avail, she would flush slightly and apologize for 'little sister's behavior'. "I don't think she's well," she often murmured. And in the meantime, I was trying to gradually fade away. Peeping at Mamma with one eye and at the front door with the other, I was stealthily creeping toward the fresh air, so I could scamper over to Becky's at my first opportunity. I knew that my mother's sweet looks and good humor would go with the company, and besides what was the use of taking such chances? But always, and so on through my entire life—caught in the act!

"Sister, don't go off until you've bathed and dressed. No, I guess you'd better not go away at all this afternoon. Now run along and play in the back yard."

"I never can have any fun," I pouted. But Mamma was hurrying me out of the room. And my sulking began all over; this time it was more intensive.

Oh, if the guests could have heard what Mamma told me after she took me out! What would they think? I often decided to slip in and tell them, but on second thought usually after seeing a very significant look upon Mamma's face, I changed my mind. And besides when everyone left, she might make me sit before the clock for ten long minutes.

If I had a daughter, the first thing I would do would be to try to teach her to perform before guests. That is where everyone is proudest or most ashamed of little daughter—when she

will or will not show off. But to avoid the suspense of not knowing how she is going to behave, the best thing to do is to send her to Mother's while the guests are present.

What a relief to be able to sit down to dinner in peace, relief, and quiet of mind, knowing little Mary is safely hid at Mother's. No one to ask embarrassing questions; no one to—. But heavens! Who's coming in? Mary has come back with the nurse. Where was Mother? Why didn't Mary stay? My head reels and I get dizzy as she takes her place at the table and begins her prattle. My chance to make a good impression on the guests was vanishing.

"Nurse said I shouldn't ask questions or nothing. And she said not to talk about Mr. Jennings' wig or—. Why

do you whisper, Mamma, and why can't I?"

"Mamma, Daddy has eaten three rolls and you said there was just two apiece. Mr. Malone, you've spilled gravy on your vest."

"Oh, gee, I've turned over my glass of water. Mamma said she'd spank me if I ever spoiled anything when there was company."

"Mother, Mr. Crabb's elbows are on the table. You wouldn't let me the other day."

And by the end of the meal, little daughter has completely ruined her mother. She is almost ashamed to raise her head to her guests. She bids them farewell and asks them to return, but praying that before they do, daughter's granny will be at home.

If I Had a Daughter

By JOSEPHINE HUMPHRIES



IRST I gently hinted to Mother by commenting extensively on the unusual warmth and brightness of the day. Why, the thermometer registered seventy-five, when I climbed up in a chair and blew my breath on the lower end of it for about a minute. And Mother had always said when it was seventy-five I could go barefooted. But there it was the first of March and I hadn't even been allowed to wear socks but one day, and then it had rained and I had to put back on those horrid old stockings.

That was one thing I could never understand—why it didn't hurt other girls to wear socks all Winter and I would "catch my death of cold" if I wore them the first of March when the temperature was up to seventy-five. I had made up my mind long before that my daughter would wear socks, rain or shine, sleet or snow.

But that particular day I did not stop at wanting to wear socks. I jumped



right over that step in my usual hibernation, and dared suggest to my mother—since it was a hot day and hadn't rained for over a week; since I didn't have a cold or sore throat and wasn't likely to have one any time soon; and since Marvin, who lived across the street and whose Mother never let him go barefooted until Summer, had been playing in his front yard barefooted all morning—that I be allowed to take off my shoes for a while during the afternoon.

I suggested, then asked, begged and insisted, argued, and as a last resort cried bitterly that "I never could do anything I wanted to." Thereon my Mother set me down in a chair beside her and I knew I was in for a nice talk in which she would reason with me and try to console me by saying that when she was a girl she couldn't go barefooted until May! It was quite a nice way of convincing me, I supposed, but I never could see it that way. I never could stand to be set down and talked to. I hated it, and the more I thought about it that day, the more I disapproved of that method of dealing with a girl eight years old. Anything would have been better, in my opinion, and before I would make my daughter sit through lecture after lecture all her life, I would let her go barefooted all the time! At least, I would not always be bringing up "when I was a girl."

Finally, I was allowed to leave the chair and go out in the yard, very much dissatisfied and feeling I hadn't been treated exactly right. I decided to take off my shoes anyway just long enough to walk from the steps to the sidewalk, and back. Then if I didn't catch cold, later I would tell Mother and prove it was not too cold to go barefooted. It took only a minute to slip off my shoes and stockings, and soon I was pushing my toes through the sand and tossing it carelessly in the air, assuring myself at every step that it was warm in spite of

the chill bumps that stood out prominently on my legs. It seemed only a minute and then, "Why, Josephine!" Mother was standing in the door. "Come into the house this minute!"

I was both surprised and frightened, but when I was ushered into the room and set down in a chair again, I stiffened myself for another talk which consisted mainly of expressions of disappointment in me and ended with, "Now, if you had a little girl, who had disobeyed you, what would you do with her?" It had been bad enough not to want me to go barefooted, and now that inevitable question: What would I do if I were in her place.

I didn't know—I didn't care—I didn't even try to think. "Well, you just sit here for half an hour and think about what you've done. And you mustn't speak a word to anyone."

That was the worst thing she could have done. I had rather been spanked a thousand times, but there I was destined to sit for half an hour in that chair. It simply wasn't right and no girl of mine would ever be punished that way! How would I punish her? Well, I didn't know, but I'd find out all right. I certainly wouldn't ask her what she'd do with her daughter. How could she know so far ahead?

My thoughts ran on thus for the full thirty minutes, and at the end of that time I had thoroughly resolved that all my daughters were to be sons.

If I Had a Daughter

By NELL TROWBRIDGE


(with apologies to Frank Roman and his "Rambling Wreck")

Oh,
If I had a daughter, sir
I'd give her lots o' fun
By sending her to Wesleyan
For there she'd find a ton!
And if I had another, sir
This is what you'd see
She, too, would be a Wesleyanne
But out at Rivoli.
I'm a nervous wreck from Wesleyan

But I'm happy just the same.
I'm happy
happy
happy
happy
happy just the same!
And if I had a daughter
I'd send her with the rest,
To cheer, to boost, to honor, and love
The "Oldest and the Best."

EDITORIAL

Just a Little Different


 HERE are two forces working in every one of us, the one which causes us to curl our hair exactly as our neighbor does, while the other makes us seek to find a dress without a "copy." The first of these tendencies leads toward uniformity, and the second draws us in the opposite direction toward individuality.

"I am not exactly like other girls;" "My mother cannot quite understand me. I am so different!" We have all been guilty of using those expressions, each confident of a distinction in her personality. (Sometimes I have wondered if pigs and pigeons feel the same way!) There is not one among us who has not really believed herself different from others. We treasure in our secret thoughts a glorified image which we call ourselves, a being set apart, lighted or hampered by feelings and traits which no other living person can appreciate.

It is a blessed thing—this feeling. It is a justification for existence. If every man did not cherish this idea that he possessed some quality, however small, which no other man possessed, what would be his excuse for taking up so much space and effort by living? This distinctive trait which we see in ourselves is likewise an excellent foil. Our errors we can attribute to it, and our self-pity finds its origin and breeding place there. Indeed, it is a virtue to be different.

Why, then, are we forever striving to make our hair curl in just the same crinkly way our neighbor's hair curls? And why must we have our slippers with heels exactly three inches high, although uncomfortable? And why, oh why, must we insist upon denying that we think or study, when in reality we do both fairly well, just because someone started the custom of acting "dumb"? That is what puzzles me.

Do Students Think?

 LL over this powerful nation of ours the question is arising, "Do the students of today think?" Some of the answers are prompt and abrupt in tone—"No." Others come more slowly, "Yes." "I do not know" and "They think they do," are equally as popular replies.

The people of the United States are known the universe over as living a fast rapid-fire life. Is it possible that students do not have the time in

which to think? In some cases, this may be true, but for the greater part of the time, the students do not need to think. In the smaller colleges and institutions of learning this is particularly true. The instructors assign definite textbook material to be covered with the idea that the student is to glean his ideas therefrom. The classroom recitations often do not stimulate thought especially when the questions are based solely on textbook material. There is the library work. Students spend hours upon hours in the library reading parallel required in their courses. Indeed, it has come to such a place that if the teachers do not make definite assignments the students are inclined to complain of their indefiniteness.

The amusement world of today is fairly overflowing with pleasure-giving diversions, all of which tend to take the mind of the individual off the serious matters and requires of the participators little, if any, thought.

If a student is asked if he thinks, he will not hesitate to answer in a positive affirmative. In fact, he feels as if he has been more or less insulted. And then when the real facts are presented to him, in place of a better answer, he'll attempt to remind you that students think as much today as they ever did. However when they believe they are thinking, they are merely turning over in their minds some ideas and thoughts which they have had previously or which belong to some one else.

Where there is real thinking an original thought must be born and is the student world of today teeming with original thoughts?

—MARGARITE MATHESON

An Adventure in Education



IN the February number of the *World's Work* there is an article entitled, "An Adventure in Common-Sense Education," which might as well be named, "An Ideal Ideal." This article is written by Hamilton Holt, who is president of Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida.

In this article, Mr. Holt expresses his ideas of an ideal college,—which are very ideal indeed! In fact they are perfect in too many respects. He limits his number of students to seven hundred,—four hundred boys and three hundred girls,—so that the two sexes may be proportional, "during their pre-matrimonial period," and so that the girls may have more than one man to choose from. Although this is a good number of students for the average small college,—it sounds as if Mr. Holt might be aiming toward a matrimonial institute. Very considerate of the president to think so much of the happiness of his students. Very nice indeed!

Next Mr. Holt states that the students should have quite a deal of personal contact with the professors,—and further,—that these professors should

be so outstanding in personality that the pupils would absorb in a great degree their personalities. It is a well known fact that what they need is a personality of their own, and not one cultivated from some one else. The professors should be "primarily interested in teaching pupils rather than teaching subjects. So Mr. Holt declares his intention of having seventy teachers, one to every ten students, and to pay them enormous salaries. Very well,—if he can afford to collect seventy of the most outstanding teachers of gripping personality, and afford to pay them to give that quality to their pupils.

The system of class recitations is to be done away with almost entirely, and the system of class lectures,—which Mr. Holt condemns as hopeless,—entirely. The Two Hour Conference Plan is to be adopted. "The purpose of this innovation is to put academic life on a more practical basis by placing class attendance on a par with the duties of a business office or an editorial room, where continuous consultation and cooperation between teacher and taught is possible, and where the maximum impact or the professor's personality upon the student's mind will be made at a time when it is most needed. The purpose underlying the Two Hour Plan is to bring the student and the professor into closest possible touch during the working hours of the day." Although the advice of the teacher will help the student,—this plan should be quite trying to the teacher, and with so few students it would be better by far for the hours to be spent in practical classroom work.

Assignments for the year's work are to be made at the opening of the college and the student is to work as rapidly as inclination and ability permit. If he completes his work before the end of the term, or year, he is free to take up other work. This plan is also an ideal one in some respects. But pupils learn from one another,—in the class room. They reason together and materially gain a fuller understanding of the subject and get the view points of their classmates. Perhaps the opinion of a student may be incorrect. He may learn this from a class recitation and correct his error. The system advocated by Mr. Holt urges the student to "cram" and cover the work as quickly as possible, rather than thoroughly.

Mr. Holt cannot hope that all his students will be of A intelligence, even though he can afford to pay for the type of teacher he wants. His ideal is very pretty. Its only fault is that it is too ideal. It is almost certain that his high aspirations and dreams, though wonderful, can not be realized successfully.

—SARA KING

Odd Men

And the Artistic Temperament

By BERNICE BASSETT



ANY years ago a young man dressed in flaming scarlet, and with the rest of his attire equally striking, went before an august and sombre church court to pass an examination. He left immediately, dismissed by the almost incredulous church officials who were overcome by the elaborate display of color. The man's name was Oliver Goldsmith.

We smile at the incident now and talk learnedly of "artistic temperament." Just what this term means we scarcely know, but it is the something that makes a genius wear a tie in a manner that would be nothing but unlovely on another man, but is quite excusable in his case. It is the something that makes one man do what no one else does—or dares to do.

Will this obscure characteristic of the artist explain why Percy Bysshe Shelley never really grew up, but retained the lovable and careless traits of a small, restless boy all his life? He hated restraint, refused to confine himself to prescribed courses, despised Aristotle for the sole reason that as a student he had been required to read the philosopher's works, and was impatient of details at all times. When in college, his rooms were "perfect palaces of confusion—chaos heaped on chaos of chemical apparatus." With childlike precipitation, he would seize his most valuable books and use them to support lamps or crucibles when he was interested in some chemical experiment. With the same thoughtlessness, he would set down his acid bottles and let the dripping acid work havoc until his furniture was filled with tiny holes. And always he liked the pastimes of youth, blowing soap bubbles and sailing tiny paper boats like a happy child.



Whether or not the vague term "artistic temperament" can explain such peculiarities of conduct must be left to the decision of the individual reader. It is certain, however, that temperament has so closely connected "genius" and "eccentricity" that little distinction is now made between the two words.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was perhaps the most eccentric of all writers. Biographers have given us more or less accurate descriptions of his many peculiarities. Strange gesticulations, absent-minded fits in which he would twitch off a lady's shoe or break out saying the Lord's prayer in the midst of conversation, the habit of touching every post along the street or treading on the center of every paving stone and retracing his steps if he made a mistake in doing either one, his careless manners of dress, and his unlovely table manners—these and many other oddities are recorded.

One anecdote showing his utter disregard of conventions and his whimsical character is amusing: "When he was in his fifty-fifth year, he went to the top of a high hill with his friend Langton. 'I have not had a roll for a long time,' said the great lexicographer suddenly, and, after deliberately emptying his pockets, he laid himself parallel to the edge of the hill, and descended, turning over and over till he came to the bottom."

In spite of his uncouthness and odd behavior, Dr. Johnson was a kind and lovable man. He was often very poor, but if he could find a single penny in his pocket, he would be willing to give it away. And it is often told how he would place money in the hands of beggar children asleep in the streets so that they could buy food when they awoke.

Another temperamental genius was Lord Byron. Precocious and wild as a young boy, he was a terror to his teachers, but was well liked by his boyish comrades. His first poetry was made up to give vent to his anger at an old woman who had an unusual belief in the transmigration of souls to the moon. This belief was very irritating to the youngster who could look with little pleasure upon spending his future life on the moon, and so one day he burst forth in indignation:

"In Nottingham county there lives, at
Swan Green,
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope
will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the
moon."

The quatrain, amusing as it is, shows one characteristic of the poet that can scarcely be laughed at—an almost total disregard of all sacred things. The same trait was displayed when he bought an old abbey for a home, made the chapel into a swimming pool, kept dogs in the crypt, and scattered his various other pets—a tame bear, a wolf, and a monkey—in other parts of the building.

Thomas De Quincey had many peculiar habits, one of them being to live in one room until it was too cluttered with books and papers to permit occupancy any longer, and then to move into another room. After his death, six of these rooms were found, each one crowded with books and manuscripts of all kinds.

He was very careless and forgetful at all times, and his daughter mildly said that he was not a very reassuring man to live with, for it was not an unusual occurrence for her to look up from her work and say, "Papa, your hair is on fire." His only answer would be, "Is it, my dear?" and he would absent-mindedly rub out the flame with his hand.

At one time, he went to a friend of his in a great hurry and begged that he lend him some money. He said that he had no funds, himself, and needed some at once. As a security, he reached into his pocket to find some manuscript to leave—and pulled out a fifty-pound note that he did not know he had!

Lord Macauley could not be called eccentric in the true sense of the term, but it will not be wrong to place him in the category of odd men. His memory was so unusually good that by the time he was a grown man and had devoured all the literature he could get possession of, it was characteristic of him to say, "As every schoolboy knows—" when casually mentioning some fact that only a few of the most learned scholars knew—it was all everyday knowledge to him.

He was very precocious as a child, and amusing stories are told about him. Once when he was visiting, a servant accidentally spilled some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was all kindness and did everything she could for him. A little later, when she asked him how he was feeling, he gravely replied, "Thank you, Madam, the agony is abated."

Lord Trevelyan tells this story of the boy: "In infancy, the child had a terror of the Mosaic Law. When he was quite small, he had a little plot of ground

at the back of the house, marked out as his own by a row of oyster shells, which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle, and said very solemnly, 'Cursed be Sally; for it is written, Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark'."

It is said that he "read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as any one else could turn the leaves."

He loved sports, but was not expert in any of them. Lord Trevelyan said of him that "the only exercise in which he can be said to have excelled was that of threading crowded streets with his eyes fixed upon a book."

William S. Porter, or O. Henry as he is commonly known, had many odd habits. When as a small boy in school he would be sent to the board to work arithmetic, his favorite trick was to work his "sum" with his right hand and sketch his teacher with his left hand at the same time. "The likeness was perfect, not a feature of switch being omitted—. To insure safety through instantaneous erasure, the fingers of the left hand held not only the rapidly moving crayon, but also the erasing rag. By the time the teacher had come to his problem, the picture would be erased and all she would see was the sum so neatly worked that she would use it as a model."

When he grew up, he was a rather melancholy youth. He had little faith in himself and, although he wrote many short stories that were praised by the people who had succeeded in winning his confidence, he was afraid to send anything to the publishers. And so for quite a while, he continued to write, tearing up his stories as fast as they were written.

Thomas Gray, who in all other respects seemed like any ordinary man, was very much afraid of fires and kept a rope ladder hanging from his window always, to be used in an emergency. This fear, when discovered by his fellow

students at college, was made the basis of a practical joke. Several boys placed a large tub of water underneath the ladder one night and shouted "Fire!" The young poet raced to the window, shot down the ladder, and, to the delight of the onlookers, dropped into the water. It is not known whether he used the ladder any more or not.

Nathaniel Hawthorne could not endure any interruption when he was writing. In order to seclude himself successfully, he built a small tower on the top of his home, to which there was no access except through a small trap door. He would climb to this tower room on a ladder, draw it up after him, place a table and a chair over the trap door, and there write his masterpieces.

Thoreau wished to be even more secluded than Hawthorne. He built a tiny hut in the woods and lived there, isolated as much as possible from all other people.

"Well," you say with a sigh, "I'm glad people no longer are eccentric." But wait. Joseph Hergesheimer, a modern short story writer, likes silk handkerchiefs so well that he collects them, and already has so many that if they were sewed together they "would serve as the side show tent of Ringling's circus."

Pope used to call for his writing desk at all hours of the night. That was eccentricity. Arnold Bennet, a modern writer usually arises at five o'clock in the morning and writes four hours before eating breakfast.

The Bookman tells us that the late Anatole France "Often wrote rapturously of the rites of Bacchus, and frequently praised the swilling capacity of Gargantua; but he himself did not care for liquors, spiritous, malt, or vinous. His vice in the drinking line was Camomile tea."

Again, what adjective must we apply to G. K. Chesterton? He "has the melodramatic habit of rushing out of the house to greet an impending visitor at the gate and asking, 'Tell me, sir: do you believe in God? The answer to the question is very important!'"

Blinded

Blinded!

Can it be that I

Have tried too hard to see,

Have gazed too long at brilliant setting suns,

Have faced too strong a light?

The visions which I followed once I see no more.

I grope in blindness now at Beauty's door.

There was a beauty once

In simple things for me,

But somewhere, deep within my worldly self,

I've closed the door.

'Tis night.

Odds and Ends

By VIVIAN PINSON



SI TURNED the key in the lock there was a feeling of bottled tears inside me where my breath should have been. But I smiled at this childish weakness of mine—I had always been extremely sentimental about such commonplace things.

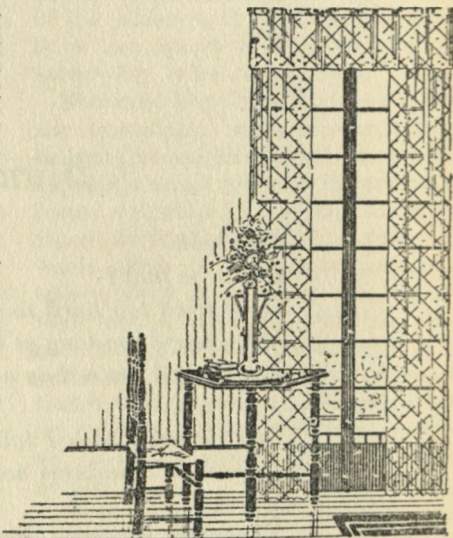
After being laughed at by the entire family when I cried because baby Cherie tore up my fairy dress, I hid such weaknesses as best I could. It was such a lovely fairy dress—all blue and gold—of fluffy ruffled crepe paper. It had been too small for two years and I had placed it carefully away.

I had worn it in a fairy play when I was all of six and never, never again will I have just that feeling—that thrill that makes my cheeks turn warm so quickly and my eyes feel wide, wide open. Always I whisper softly to my soul—"Stardust!" It's a sort of magic formula that makes me different and places me just beyond the reach of mere people.

It was just such a feeling that I had had the night I wore that simple childish costume and therefore it was sacred to me. I touched it with reverent hands and pressed the ruffles down smooth—and sometimes I would open the drawer and remember—"Stardust!"

But Cherie was only three. She found the frilly paper and she tore it into tiny ribbons and strewed them around the nursery and broke my heart, and trampled upon the holy stardust. The family laughed—

I had fled to this room—it was mine then. Now since I had been gone so long my ivory bed with the four adorable creamy knobs that slipped in and out if one knew just how and my dressing table with the quaint gold handles on the drawers had been moved into the front



room which is Cherie's—now quite grown up.

This was now the junk room. By chance I found the key and without a word (I was still haunted by the fear of being laughed at) I crept up there—unobserved I hoped.

The door opened easily and I stood in the midst of what Cherie calls a "mess."

It quite took my breath away to just be back in that room with its faded blue and cream walls and the four corners that had borne the name of every tiny girl's sweetheart in the neighborhood—but always the corner by the south window was "it" because one couldn't look anywhere else upon waking suddenly.

There was a musty odor in the room that made me think of ancient monasteries and buried manuscripts, but the sun shone quite brightly through the two windows and glistened on the mist thin carpet of dust.

And there by the window was the ancient desk. It was mine—all mine. Father had bought it from a poor man who went into bankruptcy and having no use for it had stored it on the back porch. But I loved every ugly line of it from its brown rippled sliding cover to its massive paneled sides. It was full of pigeon holes and drawers of every size and it was so very private.

After two weeks of constant pleading mother had it moved up for me, and although it clashed in style and color with every other piece of furniture in the room and always she apologized in an embarrassed sort of way when anybody came in—"She has such queer ideas and she is a very determined child"—yet it remained and now it was stored here and tiny grey spiders had spun their lacy webs from top to bottom.

I hated to tear them. I used to wonder if the grandmother spiders wore little grey aprons and caps as they sat there spinning those dainty cobwebs. I watched and watched but I never found out. I still wonder—

I slid up the stout cover and there they were—the odds and ends of a treasured childhood—packed in the pigeon holes—stuffed in the drawers.

There was a gay feather headdress, remnant of a Christmas morning when at five o'clock an Indian costume of red and brown had made my heart turn somersaults and I had whispered—"stardust."

A plain notebook lay close by with a scrawly name across one corner. It contained my first attempt at the literary—a humble little tale, in a bold proud style, of a drunkard's child who reformed her father. On the following page was the description of a sunset—crude and extravagant, but sincere and straight from the heart of a child who

longed some day to sail like Hiawatha into the Land of the Setting Sun.

A dried brown flower that might once have been a japonica—At first I couldn't remember—and then I did. It was my first long dress of shimmering gold and pink taffeta and there were slim pink ear-rings that tinkled when one moved quickly. That dress was all laughter and dreams. Some one had slipped the flower into my hand on a Valentine night when I was so young—so unafraid of life—so innocent. I had saved it and placed it smoothly between the great pages of the dictionary and piled books on top of it. A month later it was brown and dry and smelled like the memory of funerals, but it was precious.

A time yellowed card and a bit of blue ribbon—I always wanted blue, for I fancied that my soul was deep blue like the water in the lily pond at the old mill where we had picnics on summer days—these were a part of a birthday—And birthdays were so important. I was allowed to be queen of the occasion and every member of the family paid tribute. There was a royal feast with apple salad, smothered chicken, chocolate cake and prune whip—all for the queen. Then there were gifts in a mysterious pile for which one thanked each giver with a kiss.

A tiny yellow-gold tea set of luster was in the top drawer. One day in April I went shopping in the rain and it was in a window underneath a vase of peach blossoms—It was different and I loved it. It was April—It was Spring showers and daffodils and I bought it for the unreasonable amount on a month's allowance. The family said, "Rank extravagance." But yellow blended well with a blue soul.

Scores of others lay there—some carelessly thrown in—others packed with care. Just odds and ends.

Seven Come Eleven

By CARROLL BOYD



OW we ask you, isn't that some subject to have to write an essay on! But the editor knew what a good one we were to lend dignity to what lacked it sadly, so we guess she, having given completely out of subjects, had nothing left to do but dole us this one.

We didn't know whether or not to feel so flattered at first, because we hadn't figured it all out in the proper light. How are we supposed to know what "seven come eleven" means? Well, don't look at us in that suspicious way, we don't. At least we didn't until we thought and thought and thought. We will admit that the smooth flowing melody of the syllables seems very vaguely familiar to us. Very vaguely, mind you. Then all at once, just like a flash, the rest of the famous line came to our seaching mind.

Seven, come a 'leven,
baby needs a new pair shoes.

We are sorry we can't add the author's name. But you know, gentle reader, we read so much and so varied, that we just simply can not remember where we got everything we remember. We somehow don't believe it is quoted from Shakespeare. No, a much later singer must have uttered the immortal line. Possibly one of Browning's school. It sounds as if it was the expression of a soul arisen from the third estate, poignant with hope and longing!

Ah, we have it—it was one of the moderns, a stark realist! Now we see it all clearly. The words no longer puzzle and perplex. The picture is a vivid one, the words an excellent title, for a piece shot through with the fire of emotion, the flame of human feeling. The scene is laid in the wild and rugged country, in the wide open spaces of the west where men are men and women



are governors, sometimes. The hardy toiler kneels in the parched sand, by the arid road side. The merciless yellow sun beats cruelly upon his furrowed, upturned brow. His whole countenance bears the mark of anguish, of grief and of woe. Many a disappointment have his strong, tanned shoulders borne for the little family for which he toils day and night to wrest from the cruel soil a meagre sustenance. He frets not at the lot which the iron hand of fate has meted out to him as his bitter portion. His brawny arms rebel not at ceaseless toil. But this—this new burden, this fresh thorn in the tender flesh of his heart, this flagrant denial of the hope of his every waking moment, his constant prayer. The mail box at the road side yawns passively. The package before the grief wracked form lies forlornly exposed to the vulgar gaze. Of course any one could see that they were too big! Even Sears and Roebuck should have known that if you ordered number seven shoes for your baby, that her feet were too big already to be joked about. And here they had sent Elevens!

"I done ardered sevens, and dey done sant 'levens," wails the sorrowing father, rocking to and fro in the dust.

"Seven, come a 'leven,—" he moans and sinks prostrate on the ground, overcome with despair.

No Spring

By LILLIAN SHEAROUSE

*Is there no spring? When colors blossoming
In countless flowers paint the greening hills,
When on the swaying bough the robin trills
His love song to the brown mate lingering,
Is there no spring?*

*Is there no spring? The dogwoods shimmering,
The golden jasmine sweet with memories,
Are as a canvas stretched before my eyes.
For in my heart there is no answering—
There is no spring.*

*There is no spring. My spring shone glistening
Within your eyes; its voice was in your song.
Now that is fled which stayed the whole year long,—
With you. I must say, looking, listening,—
“There is no spring.”*

Extra

By MAUDE McGEHEE



NO LONGER is the valentine necessary. The mistletoe can be thrown away. This is the year which not only gives us an extra day, but an extra opportunity. It is the year when girls may cast aside their shy ways and "come-hither" glances and take for their motto: "Get you a man."

It might be an interesting thing to propose to a man. I have sometimes wondered how one would go about it.

Of course getting down on one's knees might be destructive to silk hose and suppose he should refuse? To be kneeling at such a time would be most embarrassing, especially when you could not claim the right to have him show his chivalry and help you up.

Then there is the moonlight night in June with flower perfumed air and the soft sound of falling water (if you're lucky enough to find it.) Such an environment would be an ideal one, I should think if the young lady had nerve enough to bring up the subject and not laugh while presenting it.

A third way might be over the telephone, but then he might mistake the

speaker for some other person and thus complicate matters. That would be enough to dampen the ardor of almost any one.

Letters might be taken as a joke even though they were worded with the greatest care. Besides a joke, the pursued one might show it to a friend who, thinking it extremely funny or extremely sad (as the case may be), would pass the knowledge on to others and the pursuer would be faced with her own letter at every corner.

The dramatic way, according to many picture shows, is to take him out for a boat ride. In the deepest part one might get up and say, "Marry me or I'll upset the boat." Yet, this would hardly do as most likely he could swim and the soaking would only serve to make him lose his temper as well as his interest.

A girl with an inventive mind could think of a greater variety of ways and means of getting the right one, but the author prefers to let him do the inventing. To have it thrown at you in later years that you did the proposing (as would most likely happen) would be too much.

Son

By SARA CLYDE ADAMS



HE WAS one of those men, who, having been born in the direst poverty, had, by reason of his parents' wonderful dreams and ambitions for him, by their most rigid economy, frugality, and utter stinginess with themselves, received a degree from a well known university.

He was an adequate illustration of the saying that an education either makes or ruins a man, and he might also be used to clarify that trite saying, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

He came away from the university feeling that he had conquered the world. He must have felt the same elation as did Napoleon before he met his Waterloo. He brought back to his humble home in the country a mass of jumbled facts in a jumbled brain beneath carefully brushed and slicked back "patent leather" hair, his diploma as proof of his brains and the facts accumulated there, college-cut clothes, a slangy vocabulary, in inevitable cigarette, his monogrammed flask, a collegiate shamble, and a critical and cynical attitude toward all things his parents held sacred.

Nothing suited him. His mother irritated him when she met him at the door. Why did she always have to wear that red-checked apron? Had she no sense of the proper way to dress,—the way in which she should greet her only son just home from the university?

As he took up his sausage with his fork and little streams of grease oozed through the prongs, his stomach rebelled and little shivers of disgust ran up and down his spine. He thought of the Theta banquet, such delicate and delicious food! The table, perfect in its appointments and served in that same delicate manner. He looked across the table at his old mother, with her faded

cheeks, wrinkled brow, lined mouth, but a pleasant mouth withal and one which could easily smile when the rest of the world frowned. He looked at his mother, her hair now gray, but making little ringlets of silver about her face, with her gnarled, reddened and rough hands—hands that were practical and which were never intended for leisure, and he visualized Berenice as he had last seen her across the dinner table. She, too, had a frame about her sweet oval face, but hers was a frame of gold. Her cheeks were rosy, a little artificial, perhaps, but Berenice did know how to use make-up. And her hands were shapely, small and white, and her nails, exquisitely manicured, gleamed in the light. He resented this woman sitting across from him now, robbing him of his beautiful vision of Berenice, of Berenice as she had looked on the night that she had consented to be his wife. And as he looked at his mother, he wondered how Berenice would like her. He was appalled at the thought! Why had he never thought of that before? What would Berenice say when she knew? He gulped his food in desperation.

His mother looked across the table at him, her face beaming. "What is it, son?" she queried.

Robert's face reddened in confusion. "Noth—nothing," he managed to say. "That is," he continued blushing all the more, "I was just thinking—" the sentence trailed off unfinished.

His mother continued smiling. Robert thought in desperation. "I might as well out with it now that I've begun." But how he did dread telling it!

"I'm engaged!" he blurted out almost defiantly.

Mrs. Jenkins gave a little scream of delight. "Robert!—Engaged! And just

to think, you were such a little thing when you went away to the university, and you are back—engaged! I am so happy," she exclaimed, "do tell us all about her, won't you?"

"Yes. Do tell us all about her," Mr. Jenkins repeated. "Who is she?"

"She is Berenice Baylor of Baylorsville. You see, her people were founders of the city." Robert toyed with his fork and looked at the table.

"From that old aristocratic family of Baylors! Why, Robert!" Mrs. Jenkins ejaculated.

"Yes, from that family. And Mother, she's the most beautiful woman in all of the world. Why, she has such pretty hair, and eyes, I have never seen such eyes!"

"And you're really going to marry?" his mother was quizzical.

"Yes. We're to be married next June."

Mr. Jenkins sat up straight. "But Robert, you haven't even a job yet! What are you going to do to make a living?"

Again Robert toyed with his fork. "Oh, we've arranged all that," he said nonchalantly. "Mr. Baylor is a big manufacturer, and I am going into one of his offices in Bradley."

Mr. Jenkins sat back. "I see. Then you've already arranged everything, have you?"

"Yes, just about. But there's one thing that I want to talk over with you. You know, Berenice is Mr. Baylor's only child, and he has offered to build us a house and furnish it for us on this place here, and then for you and mother to live with us—that is, if you would give your consent. We are only six miles out from Bradley, and with a car we can make it in no time. He told me to ask you about it and let him know what you said. He thought that possibly you would make that your present to us." Robert looked through the open door with unseeing eyes.

Mrs. Jenkins looked about the room lovingly—its bare rough walls were

friends to her—she knew every crack in the kitchen floor. The old wood stove over which she had stood on so many days in endless canning and preserving, the tall old mantle draped with muslin and wide blue crocket, the old clock on the shelf ticking—ticking away for these twenty-five years,—all old friends of hers. She gazed into the next room through the open door,—that room in which Robert had been born, how its memories entwined themselves about her heart—those same walls, bare with the exceptions of two prints, "The Last Supper," and "The End of Day" and two mottoes embroidered in red,—mottoes she had embroidered as a girl—"God Bless Our Home," and "Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep it Holy." A sob choked her, and she turned to her husband, but he, too, was looking about him as one lost in a dream. Finally he turned to her and their eyes grew misty with tears.

Robert looked at his mother and father. "Well?" he queried.

In the woman's eyes was a question, and her husband's eyes answered that question.

She turned to Robert with a smile. "Why, sure, son, you know that we'll do anything for your happiness and—Berenice's, of course."

"Why, yes, Robert, you can build here," Mr. Jenkins added.

Robert sprang up from the table, all thoughts of his irritation having disappeared now that his purpose had been accomplished.

"You are the best sports ever," he cried, "and I can never, never thank you enough, for we did so want to have the house here."

He whirled around and sat down again at the table. "But I believe that it will be better to build the new house on the hill yonder, and we can use this house here for some of the servants."

"Servants!" Mrs. Jenkins gasped.

"Why, certainly, servants," Robert was a little impatient.

Mrs. Jenkins quickly covered her astonishment. "I forget that we're going to have a little money now that you're marrying Berenice. Forgive me, Robert."

"Forgive you! You know I do. But don't you think that will be a grand place?"

"Yes, a grand place." His parents assented.

The summer fairly flew, such a busy summer it was. And with the coming of another spring, many changes had taken place on the hill overlooking the little Jenkins home. Robert came and went to his work in his low-swung sport roadster. He spent every spare moment watching the building of this house on the hill—his and Berenice's. He would stand for hours watching the bricklayers, and with the laying of each brick was laid a hope, a sense of ecstasy and of happiness. Two others watched with interest, too, the building of this house, and as they watched, there was laid with each brick a tear, a heartache, a little of joy and of sadness for the little home in the valley and the happiness of their boy.

The days sped rapidly now. The house was finished and furnished, the landscape gardener had completed the grounds. The house now stood, an imposing white structure, towering above the rolling green terraces, and beside it the little cottage in the valley was squatty, low, and humble.

There came a night when every window in the house was ablaze with light, when dark figures passed before the windows, and the doors stood open wide. Mrs. Jenkins tiptoed around the house as if someone were dead. For some reason she could not get used to the Persian rugs into which her feet sank so deeply that she could scarcely raise them, and the brightly waxed and polished floors were more formidable to her than the icy pavements to city people. So she tipped about, patting a cushion here, touching a curtain there. Thus she had been wandering aimlessly

all day. There was nothing which she could do. Mr. Baylor had already sent out more servants than were needed, and everything was in readiness. Mr. Jenkins had found no place in which he seemed to fit—no chimney-corner in which he could smoke his pipe and doze in peace. He went into what Robert called the den, but there was no satisfaction in smoking a pipe over a radiator. Mr. Jenkins longed for the big fireplace which held nearly a half a cord of wood—a fire with a big blaze where he could take off his old work-shoes and toast his feet, and see little figures dancing in the flames. The servants did not seem to want to talk to him as the farm hands did, and Mr. Jenkins wandered about hesitatingly. In their wanderings, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins found each other.

"Well, they'll be here any time now, won't they, Bob?"

He pulled his nickel-plated watch from his pocket. "Yes," he replied. "It's just about time."

Mrs. Jenkins smoothed her gray silk dress and sat down uneasily in a frail rocker. With great precision she smoothed the folds of her dress and sat straight and stiff.

"What's the matter, Mary?" her husband asked.

"I-I-I--just can't quite get used to all of this. This dress—well, it just seems strange to be wearing it when I'm usually getting sup—I mean, dinner." She looked at her husband with a gay twinkle in her eye and he returned the twinkle.

"You'll get used to it," he said reassuringly and patted her on the back.

"I-I-I don't know."

A car drove up to the front of the house, and the couple went to the door. Baker was ushering the young people in with a formal bow.

Berenice rushed to Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins and gave them a daughterly hug and kiss. She looked about her approvingly, taking in the drawing-room at a single glance.

"Home!" she cried. "My home. And Oh, Bobbie, just to think—our home!"

She ran to Robert and threw herself into his arms, and as quickly ran out again to dress for dinner. Robert greeted his mother and father and excused himself to dress for dinner.

When he left the room, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins stood facing each other: looked at each other inquiringly, but neither spoke a word.

Dinner was a very formal and cold affair with only Berenice's chatter and Robert's light banter to enliven things. The old people said nothing. As yet they were so amazed with all of the silver that it absorbed all of the attention and concentration they could muster. Robert watched his parents carefully and made mental notes of the things which he would have to remind them of concerning their manners. It never once occurred to him that they might resent any suggestions he would make. The thing that was foremost in his mind was that they must learn how to be correct now that they had come to live in such a high strata of society. Obediently and attentively they listened to the details of the honeymoon, what Bobbie did and what Berenice said, and how she looked the night they rowed on the lake.

After dinner the four went into the drawing-room for coffee and a slight frown of impatience gathered on Robert's brow as his mother drank her coffee with a spoon. He looked over at Berenice in her blue georgette dinner gown—the blue which exactly matched the blue of her eyes—as she daintily sipped her coffee, and he determined more firmly than ever that he must speak to his mother and father about their manners.

Berenice glided across to Mrs. Jenkins who was sitting straight in her chair, the gray silk dress spread umbrella-like about her. Berenice sat down upon the arm of her mother-in-law's chair and stroked the gray ringlets.

"Mother," she whispered in her musical voice.

Mrs. Jenkins stiffened, and then—relaxed, for was she not Berenice's mother,—now? Strange! She had never thought of that.

Berenice continued, oblivious to the stiffening on the part of the older woman. "Bobbie and I want you to understand one thing. You and Father are not to do one bit of work—you understand that don't you? Not one single thing—not even to make your own bed. I am going to look after the house, the servants, and everything. You won't have to do a thing but sit up and be pretty and be waited on. Remember," she shook a warning finger at them as if speaking to children, "if I so much as see a dust-cloth in your hand or see Father doing anything, I'll have to tell you like you used to tell Bobbie, 'Mama spank!'"

The couple nodded in silence and after a few minutes excused themselves and went to their room. As they sat before a fireplace devoid of fire, Mr. Jenkins reached over and took his wife's hand.

"What are we going to do, Bob?" she asked suddenly, looking at the empty fireplace.

He shook his head wearily. "Don't know," he replied. "Sit up and look pretty, I guess," he added with a dry smile.

On the days following, Mrs. Jenkins continued her aimless wandering about the house in her stiff silk dress which rustled ever so softly as she stirred, patting a cushion here, touching a curtain there, and Mr. Jenkins piddled aimlessly about the grounds, pulling up a weed carelessly left by the gardener, raking a little more earth about the roots of the roses—two old people amazed and bewildered in the swirl of the maelstrom of young society—guests, bridge parties, teas, luncheons, dinners, and dances. At first, Mrs. Jenkins had willingly offered to help "with the house-work" as she had called it, but the cooks and maids had sent her away

with the simple statement; "We can get along without you," and Mrs. Jenkins had gone away feeling unwanted and repulsed,—and more than useless.

She decided against asking the maids and went into the drawing-room with a dust-cloth, her heart beating fiercely with the audacity of her deed. She was wiping off a table when Berenice came to her, took the cloth from her hands, and pushed her away with a gentle reproof, "You know, Mother, that you are never to do anything like that. What if my friends should see you? Go sit down now. You are getting too old for such things as that. Let the maids do the work." And Mrs. Jenkins went from the room abashed, feeling more useless than ever and began again her aimless wandering, patting a cushion here, touching a curtain there.

A year passed by—a dreary, weary, endless year to Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. Each morning they awoke with another sense of dread in their hearts—a dread for an endless day of doing nothing—these two old people who had never before known an idle moment. Each night they went to sleep with that same dread in their hearts—for another day of aimless living would soon dawn.

They sensed a change in the atmosphere when they entered the room with their son and daughter-in-law—a change which told them that they were in the way—unwanted. Robert looked at them with a slight irritation in his glance, and he spoke to them less frequently and less kindly now. He was much more business-like and crisp in his manner toward them. Several times he had come to them with mild reproofs concerning their social life, but the reproofs were more frequent and much harsher now.

One night would always stand out clearly in Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins' minds. They had come into the drawing-room during a bridge party, for there had seemed no other place to go. Robert had been drinking heavily and had been steadily losing at bridge. Berenice was

seeing about the refreshments and was in the other part of the house when the old couple came in. Robert looked up as his parents entered and instead of introducing them to his guests told them crisply, "Come into the den, will you? I've something to say to you and I just as well say it now."

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins followed their son in silence. When they reached the den Robert turned to them angrily, "What do you mean by coming in and breaking up the game? You can't do things like that. Haven't you any sense of decency that you would come in at a bridge party dressed as you are? Stay in here or go to your room, but please don't embarrass us by coming into the drawing-room again. Do you hear?" And he stormed angrily out of the room. The old people looked after him in amazement. Mrs. Jenkins looked up at her husband with tear-filled eyes.

"Not wanted, Bob, we're not. Oh, what are we going to do?" and she buried her face on her husband's shoulder. He patted her and tried to console her, but her sobs continued.

The next morning, Robert apologized for what he had said to his father and mother on the grounds that he was intoxicated, but he had put a wound into their hearts which could not be healed by words or apologies. They still felt more keenly than ever their uselessness and inability to cope with the situation.

There came a night the following February when Berenice and Robert were staying at home—when once again the four sat together in the den. There was a fire in the fireplace tonight, and the old man at one corner of the fireplace gazed steadily into the flames. Mrs. Jenkins in her corner, gazed with that same lost expression—absolutely motionless. Berenice played with the fringe of her dinner gown while Robert tapped his fingers nervously on the arm of his chair. The silence became unbearable until Mr. Jenkins looked up. He spoke, hesitatingly and with deliberation.

"Robert," and there was a slight intonation of his voice which implied a question.

Robert looked up quickly at his father.

"Yes," he replied crisply.

"Mother and I—well, we've been thinking, and we wondered if you and Berenice would mind very much if we went back to the old house,—you meant it for a servant house, you know—to—live," he faltered.

He looked back at the fire as if awaiting the denunciations of his son and daughter-in-law. Silence again prevailed.

He looked up and continued, still slowly and deliberately. "You see, we've tried hard, honest we have, but we just can't get used to your ways—dinners, parties, and everything like that, and Mother, there, she's used to having something to do. And you know, I'd just like to get out and feed my mules again and—"

Mrs. Jenkins interrupted, her eyes alight, "And you could hoe, Bob, and plow and cut the wood for me to bake pancakes, and hot disquit, and fried chicken just as we did when we lived down yonder."

"Bu-bu-but, Father," Robert interrupted.

"Oh, you can have this place, Robert. If you'll only give us a little piece of land and let us work,—Why, Mother, do you suppose you can still make pancakes like you used to?"

Mrs. Jenkins looked down at her capable hands. "I know I can, Bob!" she said with a smile which lit her whole face.

"But we've tried to make you happy here, Father. We've given you everything that we could, and you haven't had a thing to do but be waited on," Robert protested.

The old man looked at his son and faced him as man to man. He was no longer his son's inferior, subject to his will. "Yes, that's just it. You haven't given us a thing to do, and Robert, we're just not used to being waited on. We love you and Berenice, and we know

that you've done what you thought was right, but Mother and I, well, we've just been brought up on work and we can't be still. Why, don't you see how Mother is pining away with nothing at all to do? Berenice gets all of her clothes from a mod—mod—modiste, or something of the kind, and she buys all of Mother's clothes ready made. And Mother does not have a thing to do—not even any sewing."

"Oh, but what will our friends say?" wailed Berenice. She had several times overheard their guests discussing the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins had been treated, and her cheeks burned at the recollection. "I thought that we'd done everything we could," she faltered.

Mr. Jenkins arose and put his arm about her shoulders. "You have, Berenice," he said tenderly. "It's just not for such as we are."

"Well, if that's what you want to do, we'll have to let you do it, but Father, the house is cold, and you're getting too old to work now," Berenice pleaded.

"That's just it. We're not too old. Why, we're strong yet; we'll never be too old to work!" And he strode about the room with his shoulders thrown back as much as was possible under the weight of years.

"When do you want to move in?" Robert queried suddenly.

"Well, you're having a Valentine Masquerade Ball, so we thought that maybe we'd move in right away so you could have the house to yourself for the ball. Could we move before then?"

"Any time you say," Robert returned. "We'll fix the house up for you, and you can move in as soon as you want to. Is that all right with you, Mother?"

"Yes, Robert," and she went over to Berenice. "I understand," she said softly. "We know that you've done your best, but you just can't understand us old people. You're young, and youth never understands age. You won't feel hurt with us will you, Berenice?"

"No, Mother. We just didn't under-

stand!" Berenice held Mrs. Jenkins close to her.

It was Valentine night and from the windows of the little brown cottage in the valley gleamed soft mellow lights. The lights from the big white house on the hill suffused the little house with a resplendent radiance and crowned it with a halo. The Valentine Masquerade was in progress, and the music from the orchestra floated clearly on the cold winter air down to the little cottage below. Cars whizzed by over the snow-covered roads, and the gay laughter of the young people rang out with silvery sweetness as they drove up to the big house on the hill.

Inside the big house gaiety reigned supreme: Robert emptied his flask many times into the punch bowl, and he laughed a little too boisterously at the jokes of his friends. Berenice's head was unusually light, and she danced with much more abandon than usual.

Inside the little cottage below, before

a roaring wood fire, sat a white-haired man and woman, shoulders slightly stooped with years, hands gnarled and rough, but with smiles of contentment on their faces. All was silence save for the ticking of the clock and the voice of the man as he read from the book on his knee while the woman listened, with a rapt expression.

The voice of the man went on clear and sweet: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then I shall know even as also I am known.

"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."



Odd



By LING NYI VEE



DD, I thought. The way the Americans address their envelopes. The name comes first, then the street number, then the name of the city. All that the postman wants to know is where to deliver the letter. Then of course he wants to know the number of the street, and then the name. He is not so much interested in the person who receives the letter as the writer is. And yet he is compelled to read that first. Sometimes the writer even sticks his name and address up in the left corner of the envelope. Poor postman! Why does he want to know his name and address unless he is more anxious for the letter to come back to him than for it to reach the person to whom he has addressed it?

Odd that a Chinese is called a "China-man" while an American is an American and not an Americaman.

The Americans say the Chinese write backwards, but the Chinese say the

Americans write backwards. Neither is right and neither is wrong. Writing from top to bottom is of course logical to the Chinese, while the Americans, too, have their reasons for writing from left to right. So we'll stop our dispute here.

One American who has evidently been in China for some time says that "Chop sticks" means "eat quickly." No, we Chinese use chopsticks with the same aim as the Americans use forks—that is just as an instrument to help us convey our food to our mouth in the proper manner and not in a hurried or rushed way which Emily Post might condemn.

But the oddest thing happened two years ago when I was speeding on my way to Chicago. One man, very polite and very friendly, asked me if it ever rained in China.

Just recently, somebody asked, "Do you have a moon in China?" which so startled the poor little Chinese girl that it made her look very dumb and very odd indeed.

On Leaping

By DOROTHY BLACKMON

LEAPING could hardly be called a national sport, because it is peculiar to no one nation or age. It is one of the few things that all men have in common. The little boy feels that he is on the verge of manhood when he has reached the leap frog age; he is certain of that fact when he has reached the Leaping Lena age; he cannot be sure of his manhood, however, till he has reached the LEAPING to CONCLUSIONS age. Men are leapers by nature.

With women, however, this is not so. They possess adventurous minds, but caution has been bred into them for so many centuries that they leap but seldom. That said seldom being every fourth year, when every maid dons her best dress, her highest heels, her most alluring smile and sets out to make the male world uneasy.

Much advice is given on this subject of leaping. For instance some sweet child with a hope-chest and no hope may be told "Look before you leap." She is accustomed to obeying so she does look. She finds that the John whom she has been considering is not fit to use the dainty face towels that she has embroidered with pink daisies, that the Fred who is so big and strong has an enormous appetite that would keep them poor, that George is the sort who would pat her head and say "Isn't papa good to little mumsie?" every time he regretfully parted with a dime for her to pay the butcher on the meat bill. Often that advice makes the young lady in question dissatisfied with the raw material at hand.

Another little maxim that is thin in spots from much use is "She who hesitates is lost" meaning "Carpe diem" or in simplified English, grab him before he regains consciousness. This does very well and many happy marriages are

built on this plan which goes to show that the home that is built on sand and grit doesn't always go under. If it does, however, then the party bringing suit does need rocks and plenty of them.

In words of one syllable this whole leaping question resolves itself into this—does it pay to propose to a man?

To the student of psychology the solution is comparatively simple. One must prepare a situation which will bring forth all the tenderness, chivalry, love of beauty, and other soft emotions in the young man and then one must be very sympathetic when he begins to emote. The very best situation is here described.

Setting: A lake with soft little permanent waves—a moon, full but not too bright for the purpose—a canoe (and the wabbler the canoe the better for the plot)—an orchestra playing a sentimental song that is not too new for him to know (this is to be heard but faintly).

Characters: The leaper and the leapee.

Of course this ideal situation cannot be ordered from Sears, Roebuck, but any young lady of any ingenuity and resourcefulness can devise an effective situation. Summer houseparties are a big help.

After the situation comes the course of action. After the young man gets sentimental and the young lady gets sympathetic it is like this: There is no use proposing to a man unless he is going to propose anyhow, and if he is going to propose anyhow what is the use of proposing to him?

As the year of the Spanish-American war had as its slogan "Remember the Maine" so might this year of leaping have as its slogan "Remember the salmon—he is a leaper and often gets canned."

Sonnet

By DOROTHY MCKAY

*I love but once? How can I say I will!
Must I be true because I fancy now
Who seals youth's quickly uttered vow
And says—"Love one—then love him still?"
Once promised must I love the same,
One foolish moonlight kissing seal my fate
And echoes in my heart chant always—"Late."
Nor moon nor man shall ever share the blame.
Tonight's infatuation—is it more?—
Shall set my after life one barred way
Nor ever shall I seek another ray
Pretending where I never did adore?
I love but once? Oh ask me not to say,
Tomorrow waits—my love is yours today.*

A L U M N A E

A Plea For Co-Education

By SARAH ADDITON



HIS is a plea for co-education at Wesleyan (to think that I, of all people should make such a plea for I know that when I was a Wesley Ann I could not have found it the same dear old place if the halls had been thronged with the unfair sex.) But now I see things much differently since I am away and can look back upon my college days. The real reason for my change is that I have a very dear friend who wants to go to Wesleyan to study voice when he is old enough. It is all he can talk about since he heard that Wesleyan once had such a co-ed.

I never dreamed when he first came to live with us that I could care for him so much. But "he came, he saw, he conquered" (I wonder if that great soldier would ever have said those words had he known how much they would be overworked.) But he had not been in our home a week before we were all

his willing slaves. (It is so much easier to express such things by a trite expression. Anyhow, you know what I mean and that is all I care for now.) But I have not even told you his name. It is Fritz and he is a decided blonde. He came from Germany but that does not hurt his singing for he really does not speak German anymore. I tried to brush up on my German by talking to him but I must have failed for I do not believe he understood a word, though he was too polite to say so right out. (Please do not tell Dr. Whitman about my German.)

He is handsome, too, girls. You never saw a handsomer blonde in your lives. So, will you please help me, when you go to greater Wesleyan, to get co-education? If you will I will send you a talented singer to study a few years. He has a wonderful voice. Everyone agrees there is not a better in the land than Fritz—my mother's pet canary.

Exchange



HETHER it be the instinct of love of display, of curiosity, or of rivalry which impels us, we quote for the sake of our subscribers (I believe that is the proper thing to say) two criticisms of *The Wesleyan*. The November issue of the Concept, Converse College says:

"The Wesleyan Frosh number has certainly set a standard. It is a well-balanced magazine, containing short stories, poems, sketches, and other material. All deserve honorable mention, for they have been well chosen.

"'No Man's Son' is essentially the best story. It is very different from the every-day worn out plot. The feeling-tone is such that the reader could not escape. 'No Never' is light but chattily written. It gives one the impression of being in the midst of a Hallowe'en dance. The other stories are not deep and require very little thought for reading; nor do they stimulate much afterthought, but they do have that unusual characteristic—originality.

"The sketches are brief, but to the point, fitting into the general plan of the magazine. The poetry seems a bit out of place. The illustrations are particularly attractive. They give life to the pages; some are very expressive as to the story or poem illustrated, especially 'The United States Against One Grey Mule.'"

The Pine and Thistle of Flora MacDonald College says:

"The Wesleyan of October had one 'rip-snorting' good story—'The United States Against One Grey Mule.' Freshmen, take note, and see what you can do, for this story took the prize in a Freshman Contest that the Wesleyan put on! The poem, 'Cypredise', we thought to be very superior, with a far-off beauty and with an air familiar to Joseph Auslander in his poem, 'Ulysses

in Autumn'. Ghosts scuttled through the pages of this number of the Wesleyan in a most delightful way."

The College Message

"Women Surpass Men in Love" is the title affixed to an editorial in the November issue of the *College Message*, Greensboro College. With the curiosity that killed the cat we hastily devoured this article but found it somewhat disappointing. The real purpose of the editorial, we are inclined to believe, is engulfed in a mass of entangling ideas and is a bit inobvious to the eye. "That One Thing" is a strong worthwhile article and comes face to face with a serious problem. The same spirit undoubtedly prevails amongst students on every campus, but after all, perhaps it is the way of all human beings.

"The Golden Arrow", a story of an Indian princess who could not love her true and faithful brave, and who fell in love with a white man, killed herself, and was the cause of her Indian fiancé's death, is a bit touching in pathos whilst seething in improbability. The tale is narrated in a strikingly picturesque fashion but the realism is decidedly noticeable for its absence. In the history books of our acquaintance, the young Indian warriors were strong unchanging characters, little effected by the weaker sex, with a harem of squaws, and a few good hunting dogs. A passionate loyal love, like that of Red Bucks was, would have been little suspected of them. However, we admit liking the fanciful and idealistic.

The play "In Old Virginia" is interesting, lively, and thrills the school girl's heart. It is well written, full of the imaginative, and the outcome reminds one of wishes that are made on new stars. The heroine, Dorothy, is very attractively described, while the character of the hero, George, is not so definitely outlined. There is a villain,

Tom, who is the ruin of everything nice and pleasant for a time. In a word it is the old eternal triangle plus an overdose of amorous scenes.

The Carolina Magazine

Judging from a literary standpoint, The Carolina Magazine of the University of North Carolina is decidedly of a superior type. The material, in most part, is the work of real intellects.

The feature of the February number is the essay written more or less in informal style on "The Blues: Negro Sorrow Songs." This article possesses the refreshing characteristics of the combining of cleverness with the instructive. It traces the evolution of the music commonly known as "the blues" down through the ages until the present day.

"The Everlasting Hills" with the subtitle "An Episode" is quite unusual in plot. The mountaineer dialect adds charm to the incident and the authoress is to be commended for the excellency of it.

Interesting book reviews add to the scope of the magazine. But there is something lacking. It must be short stories. "Blue Jim and Black Buzzard" merely hints of a good tale.

Of the poems we like best "The Poems Song":

"The moon is an orange boat
In a black-blue sea afloat,
A clear-curved certainty
In a vast smooth mystery.

I am a naked tree
Lean arms endlessly
Strained in a twisted croon,
Reaching for the moon."

The Coraddi

The Coraddi of North Carolina College for Women, is an excellent magazine and is to be highly commended. The sheer fantasy of the poem "Release" in the December issue compels us to cite it, but oh, if only the last two lines of prose had been left unwritten!

"No funeral for me,
When I have freed my soul
No sickening scent of flowers
Around a dank black hole.

For me who never danced,
Sedately walked my way,
A glorious crimson scarf
To flutter as I sway.

For me who never ran,
Whose feet were chained and still,
A mad race with the wind
A-down a rocky hill.

* * *

Death might be very beautiful,
If people would only let it!"

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: Tatler (Randolph Macon College); Pine Branch (Georgia State Womans College); Chimes (Shorter College); Panorama (High School in Binghamton, N. Y.); Ye Log (Annapolis); Vanderbilt Alumnus (Vanderbilt); Yellow Jacket (Georgia Tech); Virginia Muddle (Sullins College); Erothesian (Lander College); College Message (Greensboro College); Pine and Thistle (Flora MacDonald College); Concept (Converse College); Acorn (Meredith College); Carolina Magazine (University of North Carolina); Coraddi (North Carolina College for Women); Aurora (Agnes Scott College).

The Boy and the Tyrant

By MAUDE McGEHEE



WHEN Sidney Taylor was carried home from the football game on the shoulders of two husky friends, his fame went to his head as surely as did the so-called "stagger juice" served at the dances. It was the last game of the season and in it Sidney had been the star. The crowd cheered uproariously, threw up their hats, and escorted him home as an appreciation of what he had done. Sid liked it immensely.

Right now he stood immaculate in a Tuxedo before the long mirror in the hall of the Taylor home and surveyed himself. The dance to which he was going was given in honor of him and his self esteem was still rising. What if some of the students did think he was conceited? Didn't he do enough to be allowed some little self love?

He picked up his coat and hat as his mother appeared in the door.

"Take care not to catch cold, dear," she smiled adoringly at his six feet of Tuxedo topped with brown hair combed exactly right and mischievous brown eyes.

"Need any money, Son?" Mr. Taylor appeared back of his wife and beamed on his only child. "Better take this twenty, tonight's your night remember."

Remember! How could he forget?

He walked briskly towards the dance. Above him the stars shone clear and cold. He smiled to himself. Nearing his destination, he slackened his pace and began to stroll along nonchalantly smoking a cigarette.

"Hello, Sid. Congratulations! That last run was splendid."

"Well, if he isn't as cool as a cucumber after all the fuss."

"The girls are fighting over who is

to dance with you, old man," confided Alex, his chum.

Sid slid out of his coat and smiled in a superior way at the room full of boys.

"I'm not going to dance so much tonight, Alex," he whispered to the boy.

"Smatter, sick?" Alex looked at his friend quickly, "You haven't been drinking have you, kid?"

"No," Sid smiled, "I'm going to lord it tonight, Alex. Its my night and I intend to have the fun."

"Help yourself," Alex shrugged, "See you later. This is my dance with—" the name was lost in the hurrying of feet and a blare from the orchestra.

Sid sat down to finish his cigarette.

In the girls' dressing room a similar conversation was taking place.

"You must meet our football hero, Joyce, I know you will like him."

Joyce took off her fur coat and reached for her compact.

"If he dances as well as he made several touchdowns, I know I'll like him, Rosa."

"He never pays much attention to girls," Rosa went on.

"No?" Joyce's powder puff paused in mid air. "Fame gone to his head?"

"Yes," Rosa admitted reluctantly, "it has."

Sid walked about speaking to the chaperones, the wall flowers, the dancers alike. He felt very amiable in doing so. Suddenly he caught sight of Alex's red head over near Rosa Palmer. Alex was apparently very interested. Then he noticed the girl and immediately walked over to join the group.

"Hello, Sid!" Alex did not sound as if he was delighted to see his chum.

"Hello, Sid," echoed Rosa, "I am glad you came over. I want you to meet my guest. Miss Evans—Mr. Taylor."

He mumbled something and bowed.

"May I have this dance?" he looked at the girl and smiled a bit condescendingly.

"I—I have this one with Alex," she said twisting her card about her finger.

"But tonight—" he caught himself up sharply. What did he mean by begging an unknown girl to dance with him on this night of nights? He looked at her again. "I am sorry," he said as coolly as politeness would allow.

After Alex had whirled her away he stood against the wall and watched them, his friend with his mop of curly red hair, the girl in a dress of filmy lavender and whose hair was done in a careless knot at the back of her white neck. Something beside him stirred. He brought himself back with a jerk.

"Dance, Rosa?" he turned to the girl at his side.

They danced silently for a few minutes until Rosa ventured a question.

"Like Joyce, Sid?" her artlessness was amusing, he thought.

"Um." He did not intend to commit himself.

"She's very attractive, I think," continued his partner, "she's a freshman at—"

Freshman! He caught at the word.

"Freshman?" he tried to put scorn in the word as he repeated it. His superiority made his head whirl. A freshman, and dared to snub him, Sid Taylor, junior and pride of Carlton. He had already made up his mind to get his revenge before Rosa spoke again.

"She has such lovely eyes—"

"Rave on," he commented sarcastically. "You should know by now that you can't get me interested in a person by raving about them to me, Rosa."

"Insufferable conceit!" she cried, "you'll come down from your pedestal, yet. Just watch what I say."

"Kind of you to warn me."

Someone cut in and he was free. The rest of the evening amid admiring glances he danced or strolled about to his heart's content.

"Joyce Evans is a peach," Alex walked along beside Sid on their way home.

"Yes?" He would not be interested in this mere freshman. "I'm thinking of giving Edna Clark a rush and—"

"How many times did you dance with her?" Alex demanded.

"Who?" The vision of Edna faded.

"Why, Joyce Evans, of course."

"Joyce Evans?" he looked at Alex inquiringly.

"Rosa's friend, dummy," supplied that young man.

"Is that her name?" he asked vaguely, "Once, I think."

"Think? Gosh, don't you know?"

"Well, I'm not losing my head over any girl just because she has on a gorgeous dress and has big grey eyes. No girl is going to play the tyrant to me, I'll have you know."

Three days later Sid noticed Joyce Evans and Alex walking towards the tennis courts. He wondered if the girl was a visitor of Rosa's and how long she was going to stay, but he was not going to ask Alex, that was certain. He looked wistfully after them. For some reason Alex hadn't been such a good friend as he had once been. Sid had an idea that it was Joyce and hated her for coming between them. He also renewed his vow to go his own way and never let any girl be a tyrant over him.

Two days later Alex rushed into Sid's room waving a telegram and dropped into a chair.

"Got to hit it for home," his voice trembled slightly and he studiously avoided Sid's eyes, "Mother's very sick. I— came to ask you a favor, kid."

"Anything, Alex." For a moment self was forgotten, Sid's hand rested on Alex's shoulder. "I'm awfully sorry about your mother. What is it you want me to do?"

Alex moved uncomfortably in his chair.

"It's Joyce," he said slowly. "I have a date with her to go to dinner tonight along with some others. She isn't to be found and I—I'd hate to have her

disappointed. I want you to fill the date for me, Sid."

For a moment Sid was silent. He wanted to cry out that he would never have a date with this siren who had robbed him of his pal and snubbed his own advances so unconcernedly.

"Will you?" Alex was looking at him again.

"Sure! Anything for you, old man," he smiled, yet groaned inwardly.

Alex explained to him and took his departure. Sid sat down to think about this queer turn of fate. He had decided he would be very nice to Joyce for Alex's sake.

Sitting at the table, with the merry company into which he had gone as the substitute for Alex, Sid did his best to be as entertaining as possible. He had succeeded well and was enjoying himself when he caught Joyce's eyes upon his face. He turned to her and, as the music started, asked her to dance. They danced and talked of odds and ends. In the conversation he discovered she was in school at Carlton. He also discovered she floated rather than danced and that her eyes were the most beautiful he had ever seen. He caught himself talking so she would talk too. The evening was more than a success and Sid went home to write Alex that all was well.

After that night he decided he would take care of Alex's little freshman for him while he was away. She wasn't altogether as obnoxious as he expected and too, she seemed to like him very well, well enough to play tennis with him, go to the show with him, or drink the cold drinks he bought her. Sid flattered himself as to the way he was being Alex's substitute.

But when Alex remained away another week, things did not go so well. He caught himself thinking of Joyce in class and writing her name in his books or on any walls that might be handy. Tonight he frowned as he thought of the letter he had been owing "the girl" for over a week.

"You're late," Joyce met him at the door of Rosa's home. "You're always late, Sid."

"I am not." He sat down in the swing and looked at the watch on his wrist.

"You are!"

"I am not. I said I'd be here at eight and its five minutes of eight right now." He showed her the watch.

"You said a quarter of eight," she insisted.

"Let's go to ride," he suggested, "maybe that will cool you off. I hate fussy girls."

She silently climbed in beside him. He drove with his eyes straight before him. She said nothing. After a while a sniff made him turn his head. She wiped her eyes quickly.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, slowing down.

Silence.

"Did I hurt your feelings, Joyce?"

Silence. Another sniff. He put an arm about her shoulders in experiment. The next thing he knew he had kissed her several times and begged her pardon several more. He decided he had better go home.

From then on Sidney Taylor was a different person according to reports of the students of Carlton. What caused the change, no one but Sidney himself knew. Alex remained absent and, to the satisfaction of many, Sidney became Joyce's devoted slave.

It was not until three weeks later when he received a letter from Alex saying he was on his way, that Sid woke up. His first thought was of Joyce. What would the poor child do? Hadn't she told him he was the only one with her? And didn't Alex adore her? Sid walked the floor of his room.

Alex slapped Sid on the shoulder as they sat upon the steps of Sid's home. Alex was to stay with him the rest of the school year and not go back and live in the dormitory. Sid was glad he had decided to stay.

"I hear you have fallen flat for Joyce

Evans, kid." Alex smiled. "Thought you weren't going to let anyone be a tyrant over you."

"She's no tyrant." Sid was ashamed to find his cheeks hot. "I'm sorry you had to leave, Alex. If you hadn't, maybe I wouldn't have learned to care," he blurted out the latter awkwardly.

"Forget it." Alex grasped his hand. "Haven't you known all along that I was engaged to a girl at home?"

Sid squeezed his friend's hand.

"Gee, you're a good sport," he said. "I was afraid that little freshman would end things between us, Alex."

"Freshman? For Pete's sake, Sid, she's a junior as well as you. Didn't she tell you?"

"I—I didn't ask her. Rosa said—." His voice trailed off inaudibly.

"Rosa said she had a freshman sister at Piedmont." Alex laughed. "If you expect to get a bid from her to go to

the Prom you had better let her know you know she isn't a freshman."

"She'll ask me." Sid smiled knowingly, "she said the other night that I was the only one."

"Good," was Alex's reply.

Two months later when the invitations to the Prom were being received Sid came bursting into Alex's room. As there was no one in the room, he sat down to get his breath and reread the invitation in his hand. For the fourteenth time he lifted the tissue paper and looked at the card inclosed. Getting up, he went to the window and on the sill saw an invitation. He glanced at it and saw it was an invitation to the Prom too. Smiling he lifted the paper and the card with its three words met his eye. On it was "Miss Joyce Evans."

Sid stared a moment. He looked at the one in his hand again.

"Well," he said, "Well, I'll be darned!"

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The Rambler



DD NUMBER. Well, yes we should say there were several oddities about this edition, not meaning to slight any of the rest either. But we are coming to the point too quick, which is absolutely against our principles.

* * *

Let us first say that we are still shuddering for joy that we have recovered from the bad case of indigestion we had in time to ramble, (we much prefer rambling to catching-all.) We got it, the doctor says, from cramming for exams too much between meals.

* * *

"You ain't got nothing on me," shouted the exam paper as it was handed in.

We didn't make that up. It came out of the Colgate Banter, along with many another immortal line, which the gentle reader, et al. will see before many more of these odd numbers appear.

* * *

And not the least odd oddity among the number this month is our little communication with our neighbor across the bridge, Miss Feoria Cleeman. We asked her to write to us some time ago, as any diligent student of the Mercer Cluster will remember, but due to one thing or another, we didn't get the editor to see the importance of getting it published till now. And such a nice, revealing letter, from the busy co-ed we appreciate from the depths of inky soul. Gurls, here she is:

* * *

Mercer University,
One Sunday Afternoon.

Dear Lady "Rambler Editor"—

I have just received a letter from you requesting a letter from me and Mercer at large, which you desire to print in the Wesleyan. My private thoughts on the subject are that you are either out of material, or out of your head to

request so unworthy a person to write for your well known magazine, but be that as it may—I greet you from the home of the spree and the land of the rave! Greetings from Mercer!

To say that I am proud and flattered and all that sort of thing, would be putting it mild as a case of German measles in France, during the war. However I'm willing—that's what Barkis said, and who am I to say more than he? I answer the same with an added "me too." I don't know exactly what to write about, and when a man gets in that fix there is only one thing to do—write about something that no one else knows anything about either, and there will be no chance for a come back. Therefore I will choose for a subject the cleverer sex, in other words—women.

Women are clever, there is no doubt about it. Why history proves that beyond a doubt. Did not Cleopatra make her Mark in history, and wasn't it Queen Elizabeth that pulled that snappy come back on Sir Walter Raleigh when he put his coat over a puddle as large as that on the corner across from the Morgan House, and said "Step on it Queenie!", by retorting "Keep your shirt on big boy!"? Verily it was; yea, women are clever.

Now I will chunk a bombshell into the ranks of the fair—man is not the pursuer, when it comes to making love, but the pursued!!! I have scientific facts on my side to prove it, say not another word! There are five women in this world to every one man, therefore man must be the pursued or else how would so many folks get married—they do don't you know. And just a word of advice here to those who are thinking of getting married—don't!

Don't get angry girls because I am giving away your secrets, for your man will not understand anyway (even if he

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WHITEHALL & STEWART AVE.	8:05	9:20	12:20	1:05	3:20	4:05	6:20
HAPEVILLE	8:25	9:40	12:40	1:25	3:40	4:25	6:40
JONESBORO	8:55	10:10	1:10	1:55	4:10	4:55	7:10
GRIFFIN	9:40	10:55	1:55	2:40	4:55	5:40	7:55
BARNESVILLE	10:15	11:30	2:30	3:15	5:30	6:15	8:30
FORSYTH	10:40	11:55	2:55	3:40	5:55	6:40	8:55

	pm	pm	pm	pm	pm	pm	pm
MACON (Central Time)	11:35	12:50	3:50	4:35	6:50	7:35	9:50
MACON (Eastern Time)	12:35	1:50	4:50	5:35	7:50	8:35	10:50

MACON, GRIFFIN AND ATLANTA—NORTH BOUND

Schedule Subject to Change Without Notice

	am	am	pm	pm	pm	pm	pm
MACON (Eastern Time)	8:00	10:15	12:15	1:00	3:15	4:00	6:15
MACON (Central Time)	7:00	9:15	11:15	12:00	2:15	3:00	5:15
FORSYTH	7:55	10:10	12:10	12:55	3:10	3:55	6:10
BARNESVILLE	8:20	10:35	12:35	1:20	3:35	4:20	6:35
GRIFFIN	8:55	11:10	1:10	1:55	4:10	4:55	7:10
JONESBORO	9:40	11:55	1:55	2:40	4:55	5:40	7:55
HAPEVILLE	10:10	12:25	2:25	3:10	5:25	6:10	8:25
WHITEHALL & STEWART AVE.	10:30	12:45	2:45	3:30	5:45	6:30	8:45
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happens to go to Mercer, he won't for that is a sure sign of his complete unconsciousness). The fact remains as evident as a anti-prohibition nose, that man is the pursued—but—women are so clever that they make him think he is the actual pursuer!

A man comes in to see his girl. He removes the cigars from his vest pocket, spreads his handkerchief on the floor, gets on his knees, looks at her like a drowning duck in a thunder storm, blushes, coughs, and at last sputters out—"—Er—Will—er you marry me?" He thinks he is pulling some highly original stuff (the poor deluded animal) and beams all over himself like a negro preacher writing a love letter.

He thinks he is the pursuer, but the fact of the matter is—she has had her answer planned for two weeks. She even knows just how long she will hesitate before she says, oh so coyly, "This is so sudden!" Yeah, it is best to let a man think he is masterful, it pleases his ego, and it is a sure thing that all men are conceited. They are conceited if for no other reason than that they are men! The only reason you ever see an old bachelor, is because no self respecting woman has ever taken it into her head to marry him!

If about to fall in love and you are not sure about its genuineness there is one infallible test. Draw a mental picture of the lad in his dressing gown, early in the morning when the hair gets rumpled and standing on end, with his face lathered up, and doing a Lon Chaney with a dull razor blade. And from the other side, if he will picture the lassie with beauty mud on her face, her hair in water wave hickies, attired in a pink kimona, and trotting about the house in a pair of run over mules—and they both think they can still love each other—they've got it bad, and had better head for the court house at once, before he gets run over by a truck or decides to try a Trans-Atlantic flight or something.

But, "woman"—how could man do without her? And Wesleyan—how

could Mercer exist without her I ask you? I say may Allah bless woman-kind, and Wesleyan in particular! We men do not understand them, nor do we really want to—they are a very pleasant necessity! Cherrio (English for good-bye).

FEORIA CLEEMAN.

* * *

Well, lady, we are now of the opinion that we are even more clever than you think we are. We are so clever in making the male think he is doing the pursuing, that we have ourself thoroughly thinking so too. And Feoria, honey, just one thing more. We are scared to call your hand on those statistics you quoted on us, because you might up and be quoting real ones all the time, but anyway what has the fact that women are more plentiful than men to do with the matter? We'd be willing to bet about a dollar and thirty-three and some odd cents that there are more mice in the world than there are cats, but that does not mean that the mice are all running around after the cats.

* * *

Now ain't we got 'em, to borrow Tommie's exclusive phrase. Not only contributions from Mercer, but other foreign countries as well. China this time, again. That song of the Soochow was a soul stirring piece too, and as romantic as can be. We should say that little wash woman would smile! Wouldn't you if you had been washing out your clothes on the creek bank, when along came the king and whisked you off to the palace

Where she smiles.

And that poor jaded hairpin. We would feel a bit jaded ourselves, and also a little cheated maybe, if we were given to that pious old monk.

* * *

When Ling Nyi gets to talking about how backwards we write, she just doesn't know the half of how backwards we can do it if we try. Let her smoke this in her smoke house:

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And that's the truth.

* * *

Now isn't it a crying shame about
 Vivian's poor innocent little blue soul
 getting stamped in the nursery floor—
 We should think it were black and blue
 by then; but as the poet Pollyanna would
 say, that wouldn't hurt the color scheme
 any, and that seems to be the concern
 of the day.

We hope she doesn't keep any stardust
 out where it can be seen with the naked
 eye in these latter days. If she does,
 somebody without any poetic sensibility
 is going to leave her a note like they
 did us one time. It read something like
 this: "Please sweep under your bed.
 It needs it badly."

* * *

And now we can end in peace, drape
 the drapery of our couch about us and
 lie down to pleasant dreams. We have
 got more poetry for The Column. You
 know how it rests on our conscience
 when we can't give our public some little
 bit of song at least. We again must
 own that it is not original with us as
 to the style and meter, but only the
 thought have we undisputed title to:

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Today I looked
 Into the filling swimming pool and knew
 Tonight old Georgia Building hath
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